

Phillip walks out of the restaurant after a long, expensive date at a steakhouse with a young lady he had just met. He is very tired and ready to go home when he is startled by a loud buzzing in his pocket. It was Michael, one of his childhood friends. Of course he answered—why wouldn't he?—he didn't know if it was important or not. Why would he call if it wasn't?

“Hey Mike,” Phillip said in the most awake voice he had.

“How'd It go?” Michael asked. He knew the answer, but he thought it would help to ask.

“Not good,” Phillip said. He figured out halfway through the date that she just wanted to get a free meal out of him, so they left without exchanging numbers or setting a time for another date.

“That sucks man,” Michael said. “There's always next time though”.

“You're right”, Phillip said. He wasn't too affected by the outcome of the date, but he decided to try not to think about it anyway.

“I almost forgot,” Michael said. He sounded more awake when he said this, so Phillip figured that this must be good news.

“John's coming to town this weekend. We should all meet up and go to that pizza place we went to as kids.”

“That sounds great!” Phillip said. “I'll definitely be there!”

“Great!” said Michael. “We should meet up at my house at 4:30pm”

“Got it,” Phillip said wondering why they chose such a late time for lunch.

“I’ve gotta go now. I have work in the morning,” Phillip said. “It was nice talking to you!”

“You too! See you then”, Michael said, hanging up the phone.

Phillip never wanted to drive home. It was getting close to midnight and the drive home would be at least thirty minutes. Seeing as he had no other options after spending all of his money on his expensive date, he reluctantly got in his car and began what he thought would be a long drive home.

Chapter 2

Saturday came quicker than the friends expected, but this is what they wanted...for the most part. It was finally time for the friends to go out for lunch together. John was early as usual. He had never been late to an event he had been invited to, and he was always at least thirty minutes early. Michael however, oversleeps almost every time he has to be there. It doesn’t help that he’s a heavy sleeper. He sleeps through most of his alarms, and he was awoken by a knocking on the door. He hurries to get dressed and heads to the door where he is met by Phillip’s mother.

“What’s up?” Michael said. “Where’s Phillip?”

“Philip’s dead Michael,” she said with tears in her eyes. “He died in a car accident.”

“What? You’re joking right? He can’t be dead. We were supposed to meet up and—”

“I’m sorry Michael”, she said, struggling to hold back her tears so she could speak clearly. “He’s gone.”

Michael just stood there. He didn’t know what to do, or what he was going to do after hearing the news.

“The funeral is next Wednesday at 10:00am”, she said. “John already knows, and he’ll be there.”

“I’ll be there,” Michael said, not knowing what else to say.

Phillip was a good guy. He lived a good life. He had loving parents that cared about him and always helped him when he needed them the most. He worked at a Walmart close to his apartment, and made a decent amount of money. He was a hard worker and was a great person to be around. Nobody expected him to die the way he did. Phillip’s death was an abrupt one, like all car accident deaths are. You never expect it. It just happens sometimes, and there’s nothing you can do about it.

Chapter 3

Wednesday came and it was time to go to Phillip’s funeral. Michael didn’t sleep past this alarm, he woke up before it. He didn’t want to be late to Phillip’s funeral—He couldn’t be. He arrived at the funeral at 9:37, so he was before some people. He knew John would be there before him, because John was never late. Michael ran into John a couple of minutes after he arrived. He sat next to John and Phillip’s parents at the funeral, and since they were all early, they started to talk to each other. They told stories about the fun times that they had with him and talked about how good of a guy he was.

“I just wish I had come to town sooner,” said John. He felt guilty for not being able to spend much time with Phillip, because he had so much work to do. Now that Phillip is gone, John wishes he could rewind time somehow and spend as much time with Phillip as he could before having to go back to work

“It’s not your fault, John,” said Michael. “No one could have seen this coming. You can’t blame yourself for what happened.”

Michael was always good at comforting people. He knew how John felt, and he understood why John felt guilty. He knew John wished he had more time to visit, and he knew that John would never have a chance to see Phillip again. Michael wishes the same thing, but it’s too late now, and all they can do now is think about all of the fun times they had together.

Chapter 4

Toward the end of the funeral, while they are burying Phillip Micheal decides that he should go to that pizza place with John one last time.

“Hey John,” said Michael. “Let’s go to that pizza place that we used to go to as kids. For old time’s sake”

“That sounds good,” John said, still very upset that he couldn’t meet up with Phillip one last time. John would always put things off. He would always say “I’ll do it tomorrow” or “Don’t worry about it. It’s not that much anyway.” It would always end poorly for him, and it took him a long time to learn from his mistakes. He never wanted to put anything off, but he had a hard time starting his work. He was very smart, he just didn’t like to work. There were some things that he did want to do, and when he wanted to do something, he did his best. He stopped putting things off more as he got older, because he knew if he did, it would end way worse than it did when he was a kid. He felt like he had put the meetup between the three of them off even though he had no control over what happened, and he had no idea it would happen either

They arrive at the pizza place a couple minutes later. Michael remembers all the fun times and good food the three of them had.

“It hasn’t changed that much in over twenty years,” said Michael

“You’re right,” said John. “It has gotten a lot bigger though.” The color of the restaurant changed from yellow to red, and the logo changed from a man to a big slice of pizza

“I remember when this place only had a couple old tables and 2 workers,” Michael laughed a little thinking back on all the fun times he had with John and Phillip. He knew John was doing the same thing.

Artist's Statement

I thought the perspectives would come together nicely. Family can come in many forms. It doesn't have to be by blood. It could be by adoption, or like this group of friends that all loved each other very much. I tried not to just say Phillip would die. I wanted to give the reader hints that he was going to die by saying he was tired and that it was dark and close to midnight. That way you would have known that something would happen to Phillip, but the characters wouldn't. One of the thoughtshots I used was close to the beginning of the story in chapter one when I was talking about how Phillip didn't want to drive home, because he was tired. I also used a thoughtshot in chapter three when I was talking about how John felt guilty for not going to meetup sooner. I used another thoughtshot in chapter two when I was talking about Phillip's childhood and what others thought of him. I used snapshots when I was talking about the restaurant and how it had changed so much in twenty years. I chose to use dialogue, because it would progress the story. Everything the characters said progressed the story in some way. Like when Michael was talking to Phillip's mother after his death, or when Michael was on the phone with Phillip after his date and moments before the car accident that ended up killing him. The motif that is recurring in the story is Phillip's death, because that was a very important part of the story, and if the characters stopped talking about it then it wouldn't matter as much.